

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 6, 1937

WHO'S WHO

ALBERT I. WHELAN, our Managing Editor, has had both Spanish and economic-financial experiences. As for the former, a four years' residence near Burgos gave him ample opportunity to study the Spanish mind and to acquaint himself with Spanish economic conditions by travel over all the Regions of the Peninsula. As for the latter, he was treasurer for several years of the University of San Francisco and thus had to keep posted on economic, commercial and financial matters. His present analysis of the chances of the warring forces in Spain is as *straight* as anything we have read on the subject. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, our esteemed Associate Editor, is the most avid newspaper scourer on the Staff. He is, therefore, well equipped to judge of the objectivity of presentation of the daily news, and of the propagandistic views. His weekly survey of the world in action is carried in our *Chronicle* department. . . . GERALD ELLARD is professor of Liturgical Theology at St. Mary's College, Kansas. His scholarship was augmented by securing degrees from Gonzaga University, St. Louis University and the University of Munich, Germany. He is Associate Editor of *Orate Fratres*, author of *Christian Life and Worship*, etc., contributor to a varied group of periodicals, and, in brief, an internationally recognized authority on the Liturgy. . . . ARTHUR E. GLEASON gleaned editorial experiences, so he admits, as an Associate Editor last summer. He now lectures on sociology at Loyola University, Chicago, and is Student Counselor for the undergraduates. . . . ALEXIS PAUL ARAPOFF tears out a chapter from a forthcoming book in his article this week. Russian, an exile, a painter, a Cambridgeite, he presents fresh and original soul-confessions.

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COMMENT

THE GLACIER PRIEST, who is otherwise known as Bernard Hubbard, S.J., and who protests that he is specifically a priest and not a glacier, has gone out to prove that point by installing a life-sized statue of the Saviour on King Island in the Bering Sea. It was enthroned on a rock nearly nine hundred feet above sea level at a point where Alaska and Siberia are both visible, a unique location where time and place are so confused that the onlooker facing the ocean on one side of King Island, sees a region where the inhabitants are observing the day of Monday in the week, and turning to the opposite sea looks down on a place where it is Tuesday. Part of the beautiful inscription composed by Father Hubbard for the statue and proclaimed over the radio last Sunday on the Feast of Christ the King states:

On this day, the 31st of October, in the year of Our Lord 1937, the glorious feast of Christ the King in longitude 168, and latitude 65, between heaven and earth, between North America and Asia, in the 24th hour of terrestrial time, the end of the old and the beginning of the new, by unanimous consent of the entire native population who for generations into the dim unknown of the past have possessed this land in simple right, is solemnly dedicated in imperishable bronze a statue to Christ, the King of the Universe.

The eyes of the Saviour look westward over nearby Siberia and the Soviet Union from which He is banished. A whole vast continent behind Him prays that He may return and save those enslaved regions from the valley of spiritual death.

VIGILANCE over the motion-picture output is never a superfluous attitude, even though the Legion of Decency operates so efficiently. No one except the professional and intellectual dirt-dishers would wish the return of the pre-Legion of Decency pictures. Yet, despite the sincere efforts of the Industry to keep itself clean, despite the vehement demands of the Code authorities to make the Industry observe its pledges, despite the united action of the American Hierarchy in supporting the Code, there is a new danger of the return of indecency and immorality on the screen. The major onslaught is from Europe. The foreign producers are not bound by the provisions of the Code that governs American pictures. Hence, all the filthiness and perversion that has been so largely wiped out of American pictures is appearing in newly imported films. The case of *Ecstasy* is still in the courts. Another French film portraying Lesbianism rampant is now showing in metropolitan houses, another French production is picturing the vices of an historical character most shamelessly, and another Swedish film is a vile attack on the Catholic Church. If these foreign competitors are not curbed

by the legitimate State and Federal authorities, the good resolves of the Hollywood producers will be put under a strain that may prove too great for their instincts and their interests. The Legion of Decency is faced with a new problem, and requires public support in conquering the new film-devil that comes from foreign studios.

MUCH discussed and widely reprinted, an article from the *Osservatore Romano*, "After the Congress of Nuremberg," gives no grounds for hope of a Nazi change of front as regards freedom of religion. Certain motives weighed with the Government in soft-pedaling on the religious situation, yet "if one were to draw from that fact optimistic conclusions for the future development of relations between Church and State in Germany, it would mean shutting one's eyes to the lessons and experiences of the past four years." The Nordic paganism has been making gradual progress during those years and the increased violence of the servile press against the Church is an index of the true state of affairs. Thus in the past the Holy See was told that Rosenberg's crusade for paganism was a personal affair for which the Reich Government assumed no responsibility and the latter, through its mouthpieces, discounted the scientific or critical value of *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. The Congress of Nuremberg conferred on Rosenberg its first national prize, proclaiming him the "Prophet Laureate" of National Socialist thought. The leaders of the Government thus openly align themselves with the arch-enemy of Christianity, and render nugatory the Nuremberg boast that the National Socialistic revolution has not injured a hair on the head of one German ecclesiastic. Religious instruction is to be overcome by the Nazi officials and the clergy are ordered to reform the catechism in accordance with Nazi ideals, which means expunging therefrom all traces of Christianity.

INCREASING impetus and interest are manifested in the increased circulation of Catholic papers. Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque, pleading for wider support of the archdiocesan weekly, declared that a Catholic paper is absolutely essential today for the maintenance of Catholic health and life among the people. From the biased crusade against right and truth in the handling of the Spanish Civil War, he showed the need of the counter-balance and check of a Catholic paper. "And of course any Catholic who neglects to avail himself of the antidote of truth afforded him in the Catholic Press against the all-pervading presence of the poison of error will be faithfully contaminated by the universal contagion of the corrupt and decadent time

in which we live." Speaking for the increase in circulation of the diocesan weekly in the Diocese of Albany, Bishop Gibbons, after enumerating the many and grave dangers and threats to religion, said: "The Holy Father has repeatedly pointed out the most available and effective means of meeting these dangers. His Holiness has championed the Catholic Press as the best antidote to the poison of hostile influences and misleading philosophies and the strongest bulwark of defense for our challenged faith." Inspired by the Bishop's message, we are glad to hear that 30,000 youths enrolled to put the diocesan paper in every Catholic home of the diocese. AMERICA, too, is quietly conducting an increased circulation campaign. Many voluntary helpers have come forth to aid. But the field is wide and there is room for many, many more. We look for them and welcome them.

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WORTHY successor to Newton and distinguished link in the Cambridge tradition of scientists, the jovial New Zealand-born Lord Rutherford's death has called forth extended notices and encomiums. Without the national accolades bestowed by other nations on their great in literature, art and science, the far-flung British Empire manages to hold her own in the advance of physical science. Especially in the department of physics and chemistry have Britishers distinguished themselves. Rutherford, the latest, is in the tradition of the best. His modest Cavendish laboratory at Cambridge housed a forge which really made the atom speak. Becquerel and the Curies by their prodigious energy made rapid discovery of uranium, thorium, polonium and especially radium. That was the urge for Rutherford to attempt the analysis of the inner constitution of the atom and the study of radioactivity. By means of his powerful destructive radium "bullets" he cracked what was hitherto regarded an ultimate, the atom, and in doing so opened the road for a whole throng of European and American scientists to take off from there on a series of new discoveries and of further development. Bohr, the Braggs, Schroedinger, Heisenberg, de Broglie all followed. The discovery affected the essentials of the allied sciences of physics and chemistry. Without any unworthy preachment of philosophical theory by Rutherford, his discoveries turned the mind from mechanism to a more metaphysical conception of matter. It may be said that in blasting the atom Rutherford slew many of the fleeing materialists. The blast did not expose mind in matter, but it showed the need of mind to offer a satisfactory theory of matter.

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WHAT to do about the speed-up trek from farm to city is yet another problem for the sociologist. It is not entirely new, except in its present dimension. It follows the acceleration in business activity and increased demands for industrial production. When this becomes retarded or notably decreased the farm holds its own or increases as it normally should. According to the Census Bureau, half a

million more persons trekked from rural regions to industrial centers than from cities to farms during 1936, causing a net loss in farm population of 80,000, whereas in the three years 1930-1933 there was a net increase respectively of 328,000, 474,000 and 722,000, with a sharp fall in 1934 and a more gradual one in the following two years. Similar cycles of gain and loss have succeeded one another in previous periods. While the increased industrial business has in the past been the cause, the prime mover today is the development of technique in agricultural production, which, acting on the same principle as in the industry, has decreased the need for man-power on the farm. And thus increasing the size of farm units it has squeezed out the small farmer. Today only forty-nine man-hours are needed to grow and harvest 100 bushels of wheat, as compared with eighty-six man-hours in 1900, while for the same amount of corn, the figures are 100 today for 147 in 1900. Owing to this mechanized transformation, the problem engendered is not to supply workers for the farms but to find work for the city dwellers. It is closely linked with the problems of farm-tenancy, population prospects and rural youth to be discussed at the coming Catholic Rural Life Conference in Richmond, Va.

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SURRENDERING to the prevalent idea that there are no standards of right and wrong, is not liable to produce a strongly fibred, virile, enduring race. Morality as a fixed entity, we are told, does not exist. It is a fashion as changeable as the style of hats or furniture. The only difference from the latter being that the antiques of morality fetch no high price or acclaim. "Go into a science laboratory and tell them there are no standards in their work and they will throw you out. That is their central business—standards of induction, of verification, of technique, and behind those, profound standards of veracity and disinterested devotion to the truth. Wherever we find great work being done, in music, art or science amid the infinite variety of expressions, we find at the core and center of it all, standards concerning which men are certain that nowhere can their disregard be right and their observance wrong." A strange voice from Olympus, this of Harry Emerson Fosdick in Riverside Church. But also, while duly crediting the sincerity and eloquence of the speaker, serious reservations have to be made in the development of the subject. To acknowledge that there is a standard but to ignore what it is has its serious limitations. It is not the fixed standard of morality that changes in what he calls "the minor moralities" but its application to the diversified contingencies of time, place, individual and circumstances. If this distinction is made, as it should be, no place of escape is rationally left for those who "evade serious dealing with character." This made, and due place given to the Christian code of morality that completes and adds certainty to what man's reason reveals, the thesis is unassailable. The affirmation of such a standard today merits praise and recognition.

TIME WORKS IN FAVOR OF THE SPANISH NATIONALISTS

The war will end with Catalonia's economic collapse

ALBERT I. WHELAN

THERE seems to be little doubt in the minds of foreign observers today as to the ultimate outcome of the Spanish Civil War. Almost from the start it was conceded that the final decision, as in every war, would rest upon the economic issue. But it was precisely here that most of the Spanish War seers made their wrong prognostications. As the great mass of national gold reserve was deposited in the banks of Madrid and Barcelona, it naturally fell into the hands of the Red Government. With this gold reserve to back them, whereas their opponents, the Nationalists, had little or none, most observers held that if Franco could sweep the country within the first few months, the advantage was on his side, owing to better military command, better equipment and more experienced soldiers. But having failed to take Madrid, Franco's ultimate failure was predicted, because his financial position was such as to make protracted war impossible. Time, they observed, worked to the advantage of the "Loyalists."

Under ordinary circumstances their observations would have been correct. However, the territorial division between industry and agriculture in Spain is quite marked and from the outset of the Civil War the great agricultural areas of the Spanish peninsula together with the principal mining sections fell to the Nationalists, while the coastal industrial regions remained under the control of the Valencia Government. Between the Red and the Nationalist side of the Civil War there is an economic line of demarcation; the one is characterized by industrialism, the other by agriculture. Again, the advantage would have been with industry, if the raw materials used in the factories were produced in that region and if they had sufficient agriculture to sustain the population, or if they were in a position to exchange their merchandise for the food commodities they needed. But, because of the peculiar conditions in Spain, time has worked to the advantage of the Nationalists.

Before treating of the reasons why the fall of the Red Government, barring extraordinary intervention on the part of her allies, must come within a relatively short time, it might be of interest to note that the position of the Nationalists economically rests on a substantial basis. Though the actual gold

reserve of the Franco Government is to all extent and purposes *nil*, yet the Government can normally feed the entire population from its own natural resources. Staple food commodities are produced in sufficient quantities to meet all demands. It is true that manufacturing had been previously little developed in these parts. Some slight progress has been made, but not sufficient to cover the needs of the section. Still, the Franco Government is in the striking position of being able to buy whatever it needs, owing to the fact that it controls more than seventy-five per cent of Spain's great mineral wealth. These minerals are of such a nature that they are readily marketable on a cash basis. This constitutes the financial security of the Nationalists in foreign markets. Evidence of this stability is apparent from the fact that the new Nationalist peseta has twice the value on foreign exchange as the peseta of the Valencia Government, even though the latter is supposedly secured by the national gold reserve, at present deposited in French banks.

On the other hand, today it seems quite obvious that Red Spain cannot subsist very much longer. The sole hope of the "Loyalist" cause is Catalonia, the principal industrial center of Spain and the area that contains the densest population. While the parts on the North coast were still open large quantities of marketable ore were available for exchange with foreign countries for munitions and food commodities. But with the fall of Bilbao and Santander and the "bottling-up" of Gijon and Asturias and consequently with these extensive iron and coal regions in the hands of the Franco Government, Catalonia remains as the last refuge of the Loyalist Government.

By far the greatest amount of textile and household goods used in the entire Spain were manufactured in Catalonia. It is a generally known fact that the Catalonia export market has always been relatively small. In normal times Catalonian manufacturers stated that about twenty per cent of their product was consumed locally and seventy to eighty per cent by the rest of Spain. This meant that Catalonia under normal conditions had no surplus for foreign exportation. Quite evidently industrial Catalonia depends upon the rest of Spain for a

market and without it cannot long subsist. This market has either been closed, as is over two-thirds of the country controlled by the Nationalists, or is seriously impaired, owing to the impoverished war region controlled by the "Reds."

Naturally, the only salvation for the country is a foreign market. Internal as well as external reasons make this impossible. All manufacturing concerns in this district have been taken over by the workers and are now controlled by their committees. Large quantities of the finished product are on hand at present. As most of this material pertains to the textile industries it is almost impossible to find a market near at hand. Certainly France is not interested in Spanish textiles, nor is the Government's ally, Russia, both of which nations have their own problems in this line of industry to solve without further embarrassing themselves. The result has been that with a greatly reduced local market and no foreign market whatever most of the factories have been forced to operate on a reduced scale of two or three days a week with the consequent reduction in wages and growing dissatisfaction among the workers. It is impossible for any business to continue purely for the purpose of maintaining employment. Direct dole is far more economical.

But even this measure will not and cannot remedy the situation. The basic cost of production has been doubled during the past year due to such elementary things as the difficulty of obtaining raw materials, the advanced cost of fuel, even certain governmental regulations, and the blockade of Barcelona and Valencia, which though not complete is sufficiently restrictive to hamper shipping and naturally cause rates to rise exorbitantly because of the hazard. All of these causes contribute to make the price of Catalonian manufactured goods prohibitive on a foreign market.

The native wealth of Catalonia, then, is almost completely tied up at present in large stocks of manufactured goods for which no market can be found. The manufacturers themselves have no resources with which to purchase further raw materials, and the Government is in too desperate a position to spend its gold reserve on anything except for direct purposes of war, despite propaganda to the contrary. It has been forced to pay cash for what has been purchased from allies.

But even if further supplies of raw materials were possible to the Catalonian manufacturers, the problem would remain the same. It is impossible to continue manufacturing goods if there is no market for them. The question at present is how long these factories can keep in operation even on the reduced scale of two or three days a week, when there is not the remotest possibility of an adequate market for their product.

But the situation in Catalonia has become more involved because of the food shortage. Agriculture in that territory is notoriously bad and yet it is the most densely populated area in all Spain. Hence the Catalonians are dependent to a very large extent upon other sections of the country for food. Such indispensable commodities as wheat, vegetables, potatoes, meat, milk and the like are almost com-

pletely lacking. Some supplies can be drawn from the provinces to the south, but staple food supplies are not abundant in this entire region and the Government has been forced to take most of it for the maintenance of the armies on the battle fronts. And thus the Catalonians with a superabundance of manufactured goods in their warehouses are not able to trade their wares for the very necessities of life. It is true that the Government has been importing wheat from Russia and France. Nevertheless, the outcome must eventually be starvation since the Government cannot feed indefinitely a whole nation.

The situation in Catalonia and, as a consequence, in the rest of the Red territory is precarious. The moment the Catalonian economic structure collapses, the whole Red Government will fall. For apart from Catalonia, there is nothing in the rest of the Red-held territory that could possibly sustain a government. The Catalonians, however, as a people are extremely tenacious and will suffer long before they surrender.

The Loyalist Government is fully apprehensive of the chronic condition of its finances. Every indication points to its realization that a collapse is imminent. Added to this and other already vital problems, there is the constant threat of disorder and chaos occasioned by the Anarchistic and Communistic elements, which have dominated the situation, at least until a short time ago. The result has been that the Government has had recourse to untried measures and experiments which could only be safely tried in normal times of peace. These measures have either hopelessly failed or proven unsatisfactory, and clamors for the return of the previous group to power with Largo Caballero again in the saddle are heard from the extremists.

Recent rumors report the possible removal of the Valencia Government to Barcelona. As these reports have emanated from Government-controlled newspapers, there is every reason to put credence in the contemplated move. And this move does seem to indicate the trend of affairs in Red Spain. Conferences between the Loyalist Premier, Juan Negrin—no one ever hears of President Azaña anymore—and Luis Companys, President of autonomous Catalonia, to settle questions of authority in the event that the seat of government is transferred to Barcelona, have been in progress. There is a wide divergence of opinion between the Catalan and Valencia Governments, and details may delay the execution of the plan for some time. Catalonia will naturally demand assurances of her autonomy, while on the other hand unless the Negrin Government is conceded full control over public order, chaos will inevitably follow.

It is apparent that Barcelona is the last stand. The Government will hold on as long as the Catalonian economic situation will. With the collapse of the latter, the way across the border into France for the fugitive leaders will be easy, and the living quite secure, since it is a known fact that most of the "Loyalist" leaders have been "salting away" stolen money and jewelry in banks at Perpignan and other French cities close to the border.

BRING THE FAITHFUL NEARER TO THE ALTAR

Lourdes offers inspiration for the Dialog Mass

GERALD ELLARD, S.J.

WHEN the favored people of Lourdes were allowed a few years ago to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of their famous apparition by a gigantic field Mass *at six o'clock in the evening*, wistful people in more than one quarter expressed the hope that Lourdes would lead in restoring, for great occasions at least, the Pre-Reformation evening Mass. But when, two years later, that same holy spot, by Papal direction, climaxed the worldwide observances of the Jubilee of our Redemption with holy Masses celebrated continuously day and night for seventy-two hours,—the like of which, in all likelihood, was never seen on earth before—people felt certain that Lourdes was inaugurating an entirely new chapter in the history of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It would have surprised none, therefore, to have learned in 1935 that the Holy Father had written to Bishop Gerlier of Tarbes and Lourdes, voicing his fatherly hopes that the singular triduum prove no passing event, but bear fruit in increase of devotion to the Holy Sacrifice.

That fruit now begins to be gathered throughout the world by the setting up at Rome and at Lourdes centers to foster the *Missa Recitata*, or Dialog Mass, as we call it, as the Sunday Mass of the millions. The story is chronicled in outline by Father Martindale in *The Month* for August and September under the title *Sanctifying Sunday*.

Even before the letter of His Holiness to the Ordinary of Lourdes had been written, plans had been laid before the Supreme Pontiff for a campaign to foster the assistance at one *non-obligatory* Mass weekly, say on Friday. His Holiness replied that he was much more solicitous in fostering devotion to the Sunday Mass. That hint, coupled with the pregnant suggestion to render permanent the fruits of the Lourdes triduum of Masses, set the Bishop of Lourdes and many others thinking and planning. Elaborate fact-finding surveys were undertaken on a wide scale, plans drafted, suggestions forwarded to the Vatican. On the receipt of these the Cardinal Secretary of State hastened to convey the expressions of the Holy Father's highest favor. Whereupon, in April of this year, representatives of the Hierarchy, of fourteen Religious Orders and of other groups met in Rome. It was their unanimous agreement that "the neces-

sity for an active campaign on behalf of 'return to Sunday Mass' imposes itself as a matter of urgency in almost every country."

No less unanimous was the group in thinking that no new society ought to be founded to achieve this end, but that existing ones be asked to direct attention toward this objective. The causes of so profound a lack of appreciation of Holy Mass on Sundays (and weekdays) should be dispassionately laid bare, and the methods of healing it, used here and there in Christendom, should be made known to all. In this campaign Rome was to be what we may call the *informational* center, but Lourdes the *inspirational* center of the new propaganda.

The next step, that of offering a specific program to make Sunday Mass attractive, was approached in frankest, factual attitude. The representatives attending the Congress had, on the one hand, the reasons tabulated over and over in their surveys: Mass is neglected because the people "have no idea what it is about"; because they "feel no devotion toward it"; because they have no concept of "the act of sacrificing"; because they do not even suspect the "union with each in Communion"; because, in short, "the priest performs an independent, if not alien, act" away off from them, in which action they have no real part.

By way of indication of what the Papal attitude toward this problem would be, such representatives as had attended the International Eucharistic Congress at Rome in 1922 could recall how Pius XI had himself led the celebration of the Dialog Mass for the thronging thousands in St. Peter's. Everyone knows how the same Vicar of Christ, in 1928, so urgently deprecated the assistance of the faithful "as silent spectators, mute on-lookers," deprived of their natural opportunity to mingle their voices with those of celebrant and singers.

Similarly indicative of the Pope's point of view were those weighty words of Pentecost Eve, 1929: "A need of our times is social praying, to be voiced under the guidance of the pastors, in enacting the solemn functions of the liturgy. This will be of the greatest assistance in combating the numberless evils which disturb the minds of the faithful, and weaken the faith in our age." In 1931 the Pontiff was of the same mind still: "Social prayer,

particularly social . . . that is what you need, you the workers, you the financiers."

In the light of their own experiences, too, these bishops, priests, diocesan and regular, and laymen could and did affirm strongly that they had personally witnessed over a period of years the transforming effects of the Dialog Mass where introduced with tact and flexibility, and with authoritative direction. What the people needed, they felt, was encouragement in this direction, and a worthy model to follow. Let Lourdes, pilgrimage-center of Christendom, supply that model and inspiration. The plan was then carried to His Holiness.

Pius XI "expressed his gratification, approving it in principle," adding that he could not sanction its details off-hand. They were to try out the scheme and report back to him: "Come back in a year, and tell me how you are getting on."

In pursuance of this suggestion, the Bishop of Lourdes sent a letter to all Bishops of the Catholic world whose dioceses send pilgrimages to Lourdes. Suggestions, no more, are offered, but these express the hope that stress be laid on the Mass in all pilgrimages, and that the Mass be corporately offered in communal dialog by all the

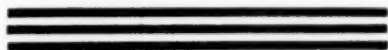
pilgrims as far as possible. At Lourdes itself a bureau presided over by a priest of the Blessed Sacrament is now housed in the Rosary Church, to furnish suitable instructions to all applicants.

If the new healing from Lourdes is to reach the United States only in the same way as elsewhere, what hopes can we cherish to benefit by it? Are there *any* American dioceses that send organized pilgrimages to Lourdes? The sweetly shy, but sovereignly potent Lady of Lourdes will surely find a way to reach her twenty-million devoted clients in the United States—she is our national Patroness under the title she claimed for herself in speaking to Bernadette—surely she will find a way to extend her latest favor to our dioceses, even though not linked in such fashion with the Diocese of Tarbes and Lourdes. Perhaps it will be through *her* National Shrine in Washington. Perhaps, even more, through the medium of our own National Eucharistic Congresses, now assuming such truly national proportions. Then will such words as those of Bishop's Muench's pastoral echo everywhere in America: "It is a laudable custom, spreading in our day, to have the *Dialog Mass*, to bring the people closer to the altar."

JOHN PUBLIC SHOULD ALSO HAVE A SAY

Consumers always lose in the capital-labor fight

ARTHUR E. GLEASON



ANY number of young athletes can run for victory in a footrace; but in a football game it is customary to have just two teams. More than two would complicate the competition, confuse the quarterbacks, and probably leave less satisfactory results than a 0-0 tie. Most fights, lawsuits, disputes and debates are staged between two parties, each seeking to win some cash, title, argument or miscellaneous laurels. Even if one does not think prize-fighting is brutal, or that lawsuits make robbers out of lawyers, nevertheless limiting contestants to the lowest number required for opposition is a wholesome custom.

However, let us suppose that the two contestants in the ring are capital and labor. This pair has met on the fight program oftener than professional wrestlers, but since no decision will stick they bat-

tle it out again. These personified Titans may never have heard of Pope Leo's truism: "Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital." The paunchy, flabby man of investments may realize in a dim way that his money must hire the man of muscle, otherwise little wealth will be created for him to enjoy. And the chap with skill and labor for sale may notice that, for all his physical strength, he must lean heavily on capitalistic machinery. Continuous production of goods at prices that attract a market, cover costs of materials and operation, yield dividends and pay wages is obviously to the advantage of both investor and laborer. But frequently, very frequently, capital and labor interrupt their gainful cooperation, figuratively—and sometimes literally—put on the brass knuckles and indulge in costly fighting.

Happily, lockouts are dwindling in number, but last year strikes numbered 2,172. This year we were on our way to a record. More than 2,500 strikes, large enough to be listed, were begun in the first half of this year—quite a few fights between fellows who need each other. The cost of promoting a heavyweight-championship match may run into large money, but last year fights in the industrial arena cost the workers just short of 14,000,000 idle-man days. And from the capitalistic corner, Mr. Sloan of General Motors told his stockholders how expensive were those big sit-down strikes in their auto plants.

However, these expensive combats between the men of money and the men of muscle come to an end, and peaceful cooperation of a kind sets in again. Labor and capital shake hands, but somebody gets squeezed in the embrace. The little fellow known as the customer ordinarily loses the strike, regardless of how the workers and management split or settle their differences. Labor demanded more wages; capital would not accept less profit. So the twain tacitly agree to let the third party, who has not been in the fight nor represented in the settlement, pay the increased wages and continue to pay the same or a greater profit to the investors and the same fat salaries to management. Prices will mount because wages did, and by custom, if not by supposition, profits and executive salaries are not to be lessened just because labor won a strike.

Prices cannot be pushed to the sky because consumer resistance will set in before that altitude is reached, and because indirect competition will make itself felt if the price on the tag is above what the traffic will bear. Briefly, the sequence is: strike, wage increase, price increase, but not above a point where the higher price hurts sales too much. Ordinarily, however, raising wages does boost the price of the product or service, and this introduces a point of general interest.

From a puddle-deep consideration, a strike, or any peaceful settlement on a wage question, is strictly an affair between two contending or bargaining parties, employer and employees. But a slightly more penetrating observation shows us that the public, the consumer, is affected by the rate of wages as much as the worker. Apart from the inconveniences incident to almost any strike, the public is very much affected by the consequences of every raise in wages. This is no esoteric knowledge hidden away in the grey cells of those queer people called economists. Why, then, is not the public represented in matters which bear directly on its pocketbook and which depress or elevate its standard of living?

The writer attended private hearings at a labor-conciliation board in a strike-infested city. Among others, this queer case was presented. Stores of a local chain system of cleaners and dyers were being picketed by union men despite the fact that the company was perfectly willing to sign the contract which the union itself had drawn up. Every union demand was granted—increase in wages, closed shop, the whole bill of fare. Mean-

time all the other cleaners and dyers in town, who were united in an association of owners, had flatly refused to meet union demands. Instead of striking against and picketing these companies, the newly organized unionists directed their attack on the one company that was willing to accept their contract.

This sounds very upside down. The hitch was this: whereas the chain company maintained that it could easily afford to give increased wages, keep its price to the public the same as before and still make a fine profit, the amalgamated owners said they could not do so and would not yield to union demands until the non-member company had raised its charges for cleaning, dyeing and pressing clothes. They were using the union as a club over the head of the man who wanted to satisfy union demands. Without much regard for justice or arithmetic these gentlemen wanted to increase the price from seventy-nine to ninety-nine cents per garment cleaned. Incidentally, the employees were to get five cents out of the twenty-cent raise.

The chain operator did not want to jeopardize his excellent business by pushing the price so high. The union was represented at the hearing by earnest spokesmen; the chain operator was there with his lawyer, while the amalgamated owners refused to appear. But John Public, who was most affected by the battle over prices, was not invited to be there. Fortunately for him, the conciliators refused to leave him entirely out of consideration.

Differences between capital and labor, as between nations, should be settled by reason and not by force. Engaging in any fight to determine justice is, of course, absurd. Victory in a duel cannot possibly prove the triumph of right. Labor and capital should sit around a common table and compose their quarrels. But—and here's the point—the consumer should likewise be present on the board of adjustment. Three parties are going to be affected by the decision; therefore three parties should be represented in making the decisions. Nor are we overlooking the assertion that every worker and every capitalist is a consumer and hence the consumer's interests are safeguarded without further specific representation. The argument is not water-tight.

More than one qualified student of the social encyclicals believe that the goal envisioned by the Popes is a renovated socio-economic structure reared upon social justice, and in this new functional economy private property will be duly respected, work (except what is necessarily seasonal) will be continuous, wages will be adequate for a decent living, prices will be approximately just. In erecting and directing this new economic order there will always be three representative groups: owner, worker, public. This third member of the triumvirate might be either elected or appointed by the consuming public, or by a state official. But there will be three heads in the study and solution of economic problems. No longer will the twins, capital and labor, fight it out in an industrial war: there will be mutually interested triplets to figure it out at board meetings.

POINTING A FINGER AT PRESS PROPAGANDA

Great power lies latent in the pews of our churches

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.

AN INSTITUTE for Propaganda Analysis, Inc., has just been born in New York. This infant society will attempt to analyze propaganda. The organization describes itself as a "non-profit corporation organized for scientific research in methods used by propagandists in influencing public opinion," and points out that "often the propagandist does not want careful scrutiny and criticism; he wants to bring about a specific action." The new arrival may honestly untangle the mass of propaganda which drops down on the United States each month, or it may become in reality a new, more dangerous form of propaganda.

A grave necessity forced it into being, the promoters believe, for "America is beset by a confusion of conflicting propagandas, a Babel of voices." With the view that America is so beset, there will be few to dissent. A favorable public opinion in America is the prize coveted by every faction in Europe and Asia and all the enormous power of modern propaganda is let loose in every one of the forty-eight United States. The American citizen is rather gullible to propaganda, because he imagines he enjoys a free press and is not so much on his guard. Citizens of Germany, on the contrary, know they possess a regimented press and take what they peruse with copious grains of salt. The American, knowing his press is not regimented by the Government, forgetting that it may be regimented by other forces, uses, as a rule, no salt at all. He breathes in huge draughts of propaganda every week without even knowing it. Advertisements are marked Advt. but propaganda is not marked Prop. Rather it is deftly concealed in the news sections, so deftly that few are able to penetrate its disguise. Like a soldier wandering around a gas-soaked area without a gas mask, John Q. Public is defenseless, for modern art has made much of the propaganda odorless and tasteless. John Q. keeps breathing it in day after day, often lives and dies without knowing that he is a man of "vast and varied misinformation."

Now the most dangerous form of ignorance is the ignorance of people who think they know. People victimized by propaganda think they know. Once the human mind has been thoroughly bamboozled on any one point, it tends to shut up shop,

to refuse contrary evidence admittance, acting in this respect like the country judge who refused to hear both sides of a case on the ground that listening to both sides would only confuse him.

Almost every time a Catholic picks up a secular newspaper he commences inhaling propaganda on issues intimately affecting the welfare of the Church. If he happens to be a Catholic who reads the Catholic press, he will be somewhat like the nurses and doctors who wear gauze filters over their noses and mouths when in a germ-filled atmosphere. If he happens to be one of the many Catholics who never look at a Catholic paper or magazine, he will be just another John Q. Public. The fact that he was baptized in infancy will not stop the propaganda from seeping in.

There are many Catholics in the United States whose opinions on dogma derive from the Church, but whose opinions on almost everything else derive from atheistic or materialistic sources, because these Catholics have been reading nothing but secular newspapers and magazines all their lives. Catholics must be immunized to the propaganda which is swirling around them, and then they must be united in an effort to stop that propaganda as far as it affects the Church.

The Church has an *esse* (mere being) and a *bene-esse* (well-being). The *esse* is the situation in which she barely exists, as in Mexico. The *bene-esse* is the situation where her teaching mission is unimpeded, as in the United States.

The American press aimed a mortal thrust at the very *esse* of the Church in Spain. The American press was one of the major factors aiding the process whereby the Church in Mexico was first stripped of its limited liberty, and then bound and gagged. The same press, even that portion of it which bitterly hates Hitler, aided Der Fuehrer in his effort to blacken the name of the German Catholic clergy. Catholics must teach the press that torpedoing the Church is a dangerous pastime. The American press never misrepresents anything Jewish. It never thumbs its nose at the Jews. It knows better. It often thumbs its nose at American Catholics.

A few weeks ago the Associated Press released a wild story which grossly falsified the Pope's posi-

tion with regard to Japan and China. Almost any normal half-wit would have known the story was preposterous. It was printed all over the country, wrought incalculable harm. Vigorous denials from the Vatican declared the story a pure invention, hinted it was malicious, but the denials were generally given a less conspicuous position than the original fabrication. The New York *World-Telegram*, for example, played up the original with banner headlines across the top of page one; played down the denials lower on the front page where they could be easily missed. Many persons never saw the denial; many others felt the denial was just an attempt to cover up. The Associated Press issued no apologies, made no explanations. It issued a misstatement against the Church and got away with it. It is not difficult to conjecture what would have happened to the Associated Press if the misstatement had been about the Jews.

From the very inception of the Spanish War, American newspapers have misrepresented the situation in Spain. The set-up there is in reality quite simple. A Red clique controlled by Moscow attempted to establish a Soviet Government. This clique if successful would, without the slightest doubt, have exhausted its every resource to destroy the Catholic Church. The Nationalist forces under General Franco struggled to prevent the sovietization of Spain and the destruction of the Church. American newspapers have employed every artifice known to propagandists to paint the Red clique as though it were not a Red clique, but a band of simple, innocent lovers of democracy. The American press has deliberately played down the murder of priests and nuns, the burning of churches, the assault on religion. It has done everything it could to aid the Spanish Reds, and consequently everything it could to destroy the Catholic Church in Spain. It has been doing this for more than a year, while American Catholics looked on ineffectually. As a result of the attitude of the press on the Spanish issue, millions of dollars have gone from America to aid the Red attempt to wipe out religious and civil liberties, while almost nothing has gone to aid those battling to keep the Church alive.

Imagine the newspapers of the United States misrepresenting the German situation the way they misrepresented the Spanish conflict. Fancy, if you can, the American press picturing the Jews in Germany as foes of democracy, playing down their terrible sufferings, playing up the Nazis as lovers of democracy. Strive to picture the American press giving long detailed columns to so-called immorality trials of Jewish Rabbis, staged by Hitler for propaganda purposes. Everyone knows that any such effort of the American press would be stopped in its tracks.

Nowhere will you discover in American dailies any Jewish issue misrepresented—not for long. The reason that Jews always receive absolutely fair treatment in the press is that newspapers know by experience the Jews mean business; that they will fight to the bitter end with everything they have. Throwing verbal bombs at Jews involves serious reprisals. Pages of advertising drop like

autumn leaves. Borrowing money becomes more difficult. Circulation takes a nose-dive. Even Henry Ford, who did not depend on advertising or even on circulation, had to stop misrepresenting the Jews in his *Dearborn Independent*. They turned on so much heat under him that even Uncle Henry could not stand it.

The newspapers have discovered that Catholics, in striking contrast with Jews, put up but a feeble struggle when they are unfairly treated. No such thing as mass Catholic action over the nation occurs. Catholics here and there may throw a few spitballs but the press does not mind a few spitballs, and goes merrily on its way and will continue going merrily on its way, unless Catholics decide to imitate the Jews and force the American newspapers to print the truth about every issue intimately bound up with the welfare of the Church. After all, that is not asking very much. To print the truth, without coloring, is supposed to be the function of a newspaper. We American Catholics do not demand any impartial reporting in our favor such as the Communists demand. We do not need coloring. The truth, as Pope Leo declared, can never in the long run injure the Church. That is all we want.

Can we get it? We can if we mean business. We can make the press as respectful to us as it is to the Jews. If one could see in a glance some Sunday morning all the Catholics all over the United States pouring in and out of the churches, he would perceive the enormous power which lies latent, unharnessed, in that tremendous throng. What an influence that multitude would have in shaping public thought in the United States if they were as united and as active on issues intimately associated with the well-being of the Church as they are united and active in matters of dogma and observance! There are only about four million Jews in the country. There are more than twenty million Catholics; yet the influence of the twenty million on public thought is infinitesimal. Like the waters of Niagara before they were put to work, the colossal Catholic force splashes fruitlessly on, going to waste all over the land.

Great power can be generated from that army which fills the pews each Sunday morning. Catholics must first be made aware of the propaganda that swirls about them, and then must be united in a campaign to make American papers print the truth on Catholic issues. There are, of course, various ways of attaining this object. One method which suggests itself is the following. Every Catholic national organization might send representatives to some central point. This meeting, attended by authorized representatives of all the Catholic societies in the land, might form a committee to consider ways and means of compelling the press to present Catholic issues fairly. A permanent committee might then be constructed. If we had such a body in 1912, Woodrow Wilson could never have set up a Masonic government in Mexico. If we had such a body in 1936, the Spanish issue would not have been falsified. American Catholics, acting as a unit, cleansed the movies. American Catholics, acting shoulder to shoulder, can cleanse the press.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

A CATHOLIC STANDARD

CLAMOR has filled the welkin because of the differences between the Hon. Robert E. Quinn, Governor of Rhode Island, and Walter E. O'Hara, president and managing director of the Narragansett Race Track, which is not at Narragansett or anywhere near it, but at Pawtucket, R. I.

Governor Quinn discovered that a "state of insurrection" existed at the race-track, and stationed 300 National Guardsmen there to prevent anyone attending the races. When earlier in the year the State Racing Commission, appointed by the Governor, ordered the removal of Mr. O'Hara, the Rhode Island Supreme Court upheld Mr. O'Hara's appeal, which did not deter the Governor from sending troops. Since each of the two principals has taken to the radio to plead his cause before the public, incidents of the race-track affair are seen now to be merely part of a political civil war, a furious contest for partisan leadership between rivals and their respective followers.

Though the press throughout the East has made a story out of the event, it seems to cause no great concern in Rhode Island itself. The people in that tight little State eat political squabbles for their daily bread, and can see the humor of a rumpus which to an outsider may look like a hurricane. For every charge of corruption, inefficiency, disregard of law or what you like, that one party offers, the other can provide a counterpart.

Nevertheless, the fact that the wrangle is not taken seriously does not mean that it does not contain an element of menace. This menace does not spring from the supposed issue of "law and order," but from a very different source: the contempt into which the whole procedure brings the very idea of democratic government.

Messrs. Quinn and O'Hara and their associates operate on a supposition that the representative and electoral system that makes their ambitions possible is as stable as the Island of Rhode Island itself. That any other form of government may supersede the democratic regime, that the people in weariness of these eternal rivalries may turn to an autocracy or to a fascistic or communistic rule is probably the last thing that would occur to them. Even if it did, they might not be so concerned, provided they could obtain their immediate ends. But the country at large, and Rhode Island in particular, would be very much concerned, were such a thing to occur.

I have no vision of Black Shirts marching through the streets of Providence and storming the sacred precincts of Brown University. But I can very well see a centralized Federal Government making skilful use of a demoralized local situation in order to destroy the last vestige of States' rights

and administer Little Rhody and her people from the shores of the Potomac instead of from the upper reaches of Narragansett Bay.

The Catholics of Rhode Island can put an end to this situation and to the menace that it implies if they wish. They can do so without any elaborate process of civic reform, which nine times out of ten merely puts a more slick type of politician at the controls but with no better contribution to peace, order or security. The method is one that I consider entirely congenial to the traditions, the present composition and the political climate of the State. It consists in doing one simple thing: see that Catholics who are nominated for any office that the citizens of the State can confer upon them shall be men thoroughly representative of the name of Catholic in every sense of the word.

By representative Catholics I do not mean men who can claim just this or that Catholic tag. I mean men who attend Church regularly and frequent the Sacraments; whose children are educated in Catholic schools; who set an example of Christian virtues in their public as well as in their private lives; who are definitely identified with some type of Catholic Action or lay apostolate; who are thoroughly grounded in the defense of their Faith and in Catholic social teaching; and who show some zeal for attaining spiritual perfection, either through the annual Retreat or some other means of spiritual self-improvement. The ample educational and spiritual opportunities now afforded in Rhode Island leave no excuse for any Catholic office-holder to fall short of this standard.

Among a Catholic population of nearly 340,000, there are plenty of splendid Catholic men who can fulfil every one of these requirements. It is not a question of getting more Catholics in political positions. Catholics may rightly claim as many political positions as their number in the community entitles them to: neither more nor less. But the point is that when a Catholic is elected to office, he shall be the type of man who shall be thoroughly representative of his Faith. With that position I believe that no Catholic and no honest non-Catholic can disagree. Rhode Island non-Catholics, in recent years at least, have usually respected the Catholic office-holder who thoroughly lived up to his religion. And enough non-Catholic office-holders are recognized by Catholic clergy and laity alike for their fairness to Catholics. The principle is one that all in the community can unite upon. When followed in the past, it has put men in office whom Rhode Island was proud of. It applies to every other State quite as much as to Rhode Island. But I believe that my native State has an exceptional opportunity to demonstrate it as a settled policy. If the Anchor State takes the lead, I believe it will be a lesson for the entire country.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE LABOR CLANS

LET the spelling of "clans" be noted. The irrationality displayed by certain labor leaders in the last six months all but allows the insertion of a "k." For they have chosen the very time when organized labor has opportunities of advance hitherto closed to begin a war which may ruin them.

Something has been gained, it is true, by the agreement of the C. I. O. to continue to meet the A. F. of L. But let us not leap too easily to the conclusion that as soon as opposing factions, whether they be employers and workers, or representatives of hostile labor groups, get their legs under the conference table, an agreement is sure to be reached. Enemies when brought face to face may suddenly recall old scores, stiffen in their mutual hatred, and end with ancient quarrels revived and new sources of discord widely opened. That seems to have happened at Atlantic City.

It is probable that the rank and file of organized labor sees no reason why the two labor bodies should not work in complete harmony. The man in the ranks is beginning to suspect that two causes are at the root of the present internal war. One is political, the other personal. For it is no secret that Messrs. Green and Lewis have been wooing the Administration with all the ardor of a youthful swain at the feet of his first sweetheart. Each looks upon the other as a rival, and each, as he glances at the White House, suffers the pangs of a young love which, he sadly fears, may go unrequited.

The personal reasons which keep Messrs. Green and Lewis apart are perhaps even more potent. Neither wishes to relinquish his leadership, with its perquisites in place and pelf. Mr. Green cannot forget that for years Mr. Lewis sat at his feet, rising only at meetings to proclaim the virtue of his chief. Mr. Lewis, on his side, is keenly aware that he has succeeded where Mr. Green has failed, and within the circle of a year has been able to organize a labor association which, at least in numbers, equals the old Federation.

Politicians and Communists as well as capitalists would be glad to keep the two apart. Two hostile groups are easier to manage than one united labor body; besides, as long as this conflict rages, the hide-bound capitalist will be able to present his old plea that since labor does not know what it wants, labor's case should be wholly managed by the employer. As for the Communist, what he least desires is peace, for when harmony comes, his job ends.

There is no reason why the plans of Mr. Lewis cannot be approved by the A. F. of L. But President Green has put himself in a position from which retreat will be difficult to distinguish from defeat. Besides, it is never easy to eat crow. But we sincerely trust that the cooler heads both in the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. will succeed in convincing these doughty champions that the welfare of labor must take precedence over the personal fortunes of any individual, however prominent.

A. P. MENDACITY

SCAN with care all news referring to the Vatican reported by the Associated Press. Several weeks ago, the A. P. sent to this country under a Roman headline the incredible story that the Holy Father had issued a secret document to all missionaries in China advising them to betray their flocks to the Japanese. When questioned as to the source of this lie, the managers of the A. P. took refuge in a high and mighty attitude of "How dare you question us?" Although the outrageous accusation has been completely refuted by high officials of the Vatican, the A. P. still maintains that attitude.

LEGISLATION AND BENEVOLENCE

EXCELLENT was the criterion proposed by William Hard at a recent forum in New York gathered to discuss public questions. Mr. Hard thought it was a mistake to judge the character of pending legislation by the personal character of the official who requested the legislation. In his view, what ought to be examined is the legislation itself, its method of procedure, as well as its aims.

This surely is the only sensible test, yet we greatly fear that there is danger of forgetting it. That a mild-mannered gentleman who always carries an umbrella on threatening days should ask Congress to declare him a dictator is wholly improbable. Very few dictators reach their goal openly and suddenly. Even Napoleon in his most dictatorial days used to talk about the will of the people, and the same theme is a favorite with Lenin and Hitler. But it is quite possible that our mild-mannered gentleman might ask Congress to give him powers which, to his great surprise, would make him a dictator. If, then, we may be permitted to expatiate upon the obvious, we give it as our sober opinion that what Congress and the people should examine is not the personal character and the charming manners of the man who proposes legislation to attain a real or alleged reform, but the legislation itself.

No doubt the industrial and economic framework of society in the United States is sadly awry. Possibly a dictator might mend the sorry scheme of things, but we doubt it. We do not know anyone in the United States so conspicu-

PRESS PROPAGANDA

THERE can be no doubt that certain news-gathering agencies eagerly broadcast any story which promises to put the Church in the wrong. The United Press is an exception, since it usually makes an effort to check up on its reporters. We need only refer to the grotesque tales emanating in the last few years from Russia, Germany, Spain and Mexico, to show that these agencies are either wholly incompetent, or as bigoted as the most benighted Kleagle of the Klan. The Church has nothing to fear from the truth, but Catholics rightly resent this sustained campaign of mendacity.

IN BENEVOLENT DICTATORS

ous for wisdom, justice and charity, that we would feel at rest in suppressing the constitutional limitations upon government, and giving him the mandate to do what he pleases. It still seems to us that the Federal Government, far from being too restricted in its powers, is, under recent decisions of the Supreme Court, clothed with ample authority to initiate a program of reform with fair hopes of success, at least to the extent that reform can be achieved by legislative enactments. But it is our judgment that this authority must be used constitutionally and by that we mean, as the Supreme Court has declared, that it should not be employed to break down our three-fold form of government, or the independence within their spheres of the several States. That would bring evils greater than the evils of which we complain, and there is danger that they might prove to be irreparable.

That is why we opposed the bill for the "reform of the judiciary," as its friends style it, or "the court-packing plan" as it is named by others. For the same reason we opposed, and will continue to oppose, the plan to recognize the Federal departments, bringing under the control of one man every bureau and department established by Congress. We do not think that one man is equal to the job, or that, if he were, it should be given him. Perhaps it is only a question of terms, but if we wish to avoid a dictator in this country, we must summarily reject legislation which gives any man the powers of a dictator.

FEDERAL MEDICINE

THE economic depression which still afflicts some parts of the country has pressed cruelly upon the sick. Families in which the income had not been sufficient to meet medical expenses have been forced to allow ailing members to go without proper care, with the result in some cases, doubtless, that the seeds of life-long disease were planted. In all our large cities, we find clinics which give excellent care to needy patients, but there are always many who prefer to go without medical care rather than seek it in these institutions.

These conditions are not new. They have existed for many years, and have been studied by the medical profession. In some places voluntary sickness-insurance societies have been formed, with, on the whole, excellent results. But there still remain large numbers who cannot afford to meet their moderate fees, and others who live in localities where no society of the kind exists. This need, certainly widespread, has again revived the plan to create a Federal medical bureau to give, in cooperation with local physicians, necessary medical care.

In the past, physicians have looked with suspicion upon State and local schemes of this nature. It would be unjust to a profession whose members are distinguished for their charity to assume that this opposition is motivated by greed. They have felt, rather, that in State-controlled groups the influence of the politician would be felt and that in the end he, rather than the sick poor, would be the beneficiary. It has also been the opinion of many that as a member of a staff salaried by the State, the physician would have little incentive, since in any case his pay was guaranteed, and that the plan would deprive the patient of the right to choose his physician.

These considerations will incline the profession, we believe, to regard with even greater disfavor the proposal to establish medical care under the control of Washington. At a meeting some weeks ago of the Pennsylvania Medical Society in Philadelphia, Dr. Edward L. Bortz attacked the plan vigorously. "Control of American medicine will then reside in that organization, not in the hands of the medical profession," said Dr. Bortz. "The quality of the care given patients will be of an inferior grade, since, instead of calling a doctor themselves, they will have to apply first to a political bureau." Dr. Bortz argued further that the plan would foist on the people an inferior medical care, along with an increase in taxes, that only half of the money would be used for the patients while the other half would find its way into the pockets of "the politicians, social workers and hangers-on, who are going to direct the destiny of American medicine."

We quote Dr. Bortz because we believe that he presents a viewpoint largely adopted by the laity as well as by the profession. His objections, it is true, refer almost entirely to matters of procedure and are not directed against the principle underlying the plan. But there are times when abuses

enter so deeply into activities directed by the civil authority that they make impossible methods good in themselves and capable of being used with effect against real evils in society. Hence it seems to us that the objections stated by Dr. Bortz should not be dismissed in a spirit of cheery optimism, engendered of the too-readily admitted conclusion that nothing of the sort will happen if the Government establishes a medical bureau and a system of health-insurance. The worst will certainly happen, unless we put ourselves on guard.

We not only admit but contend that the poor are not receiving the medical care which their ailments make necessary. If we seem to look on this Federal scheme with some of Dr. Bortz's suspicion, the reason is that we fear they will get less care from a Federal physician, and that through the connection of some of its members with a political bureau, the profession itself will suffer. The poor should be allowed to consult a Democratic physician, if they wish, and we would not exclude even the most hide-bound Republican, if any can be found. Nor can we contemplate with untroubled mind the possibility of a schism in the medical profession dug deep by political discord.

THE ONE REMEDY

LIKE the rest of us, the Governors of these once sovereign States frequently resort to platitudes in addressing public meetings. What they say is soothing rather than significant. But last week, Governor Lehman, of New York, showed that the rule can be refreshingly broken.

The Governor spoke right out in meeting to say that, assuming our desire to banish destitution, mass-murder, intolerance and superstition from this world, we must turn to religion. "If justice and mercy would supplant selfishness and the lust for power which dominate the actions of men, if reverence for God and for man, created in the image of God, motivated our lives," asked the Governor, "would brutal war and shallow materialism darken the face of the earth?"

The last half century has been marked by many splendid efforts to right the wrongs under which men suffer. Some of these energies have been reflected in social legislation, not without good effect. Unfortunately, however, the guile of man can find a way to circumvent the wisest legislation, and by this frustration deepen the original evil. Law always lags behind public opinion, and public opinion has too often been formed by the less enlightened members of the community.

No doubt, the civil authority is bound to favor laws to repress evil and to encourage well-doing. But what every country now needs sorely is not more legislation but more genuine religion. Unfortunately, the prospect for religion is not bright in a country where four out of every five children are in schools from which religion is excluded. Where will these young people learn that in the love and service of God the only remedy for the world's woes is to be found?

BEARING WITH EVIL

WHY does God allow evil men to work their evil deeds in this world? To that question we must answer frankly that we do not fully know. But if we do not know the answer in all the fulness we could wish, we can at least find in tomorrow's Gospel (Saint Matthew, xiii, 24-30) some thoughts that may satisfy us until the Day of Judgment. On that day we shall know all, and we shall praise the wisdom and the justice and the power of God.

Our Lord tells us that the kingdom of heaven is likened to a man who sowed good seed in his field. Later, an enemy sowed cockle in the same field, and when it began to spring up, the laborers asked their employer if he wished them to uproot it. But this man was an experienced farmer. No, he answered, for if you pull up the cockle you will also pull up the wheat, and the crop will be lost. Wait until harvest time, and then we will first pull up the cockle, bale it and burn it, and after that we can harvest the wheat and bring it into my barn.

Now when we identify "the kingdom of heaven" in this parable with the Church of God on earth, and find in the owner of the field Our Lord, two things become clear to us. The first is that as long as men live there will be bad men and the Church will be plagued with them. The next is that in the end God will have His way. He always does. He is eternal, and He can wait. He does not wish this evil; on the contrary, He has done all that Omnipotence can do to induce men to embrace what is good, and even to make it comparatively easy for them to keep His law. But He will not destroy the freedom of the human will. He wants the service of free men, not of machines.

It is quite true that these considerations do not reveal the ultimate reason why God allows evil in the world. Saint Augustine states the problem in the words *mysterium iniquitatis*, the mystery of iniquity, the ultimate reasons of which are hidden in the decrees of Divine Providence. But some light is given by Saint John Chrysostom who writes that God bears with evil men and their deeds in the hope that some of them at least will repent and be saved. Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas Aquinas point out that from evil God frequently draws good. Perhaps this last observation, coupled with our knowledge of God's omnipotence and infinite holiness, comes as near the solution as any that can be offered. We do not know why God permits evil, but we do know that since He is infinitely powerful and infinitely good He will in the end vindicate His ways with man.

When God withholds His Hand, we can understand why the Church often declines to act when we, sons of thunder in our ill-timed zeal, would launch interdicts and excommunications. She will not uproot the good wheat with the cockle, but while doing what is possible to withstand evil, she will wait in patience. Patience with others, as God is patient with us, confidence in God Who can do all things, Faith unwavering, even when the cockle seems to choke out the wheat—these are the lessons of tomorrow's Gospel.

CHRONICLE

WASHINGTON. Shoe manufacturers opposed the proposed reciprocal trade treaty with Czechoslovakia, averring it would reduce wages for American labor. The State Department said it would not be "bluffed" by special interests in negotiating the treaty. . . . The Federal Trade Commission issued new rules for the rayon industry, decreed it unfair to use such words as silk, wool or linen to describe products made wholly or partially of rayon unless the rayon content is disclosed. . . . The Supreme Court declined to review the case of Heywood Patterson, Scottsboro Negro, sentenced to serve seventy-five years in prison. Justice Black disqualified himself from action on Patterson's petition for review. Previously the Supreme Court set aside a death sentence for Patterson, on the ground that he was not properly represented by counsel. Later the Court set aside another Patterson death sentence, because Negroes had been excluded from the Alabama jury. This time the Scottsboro prisoner contended permission was refused him to be tried in the Federal instead of the State court; that the trial judge's charge allowed the jury to find him guilty if he joined in a conspiracy to rape even though the crime had not been committed. . . . The PWA announced completion of its reorganization from a State to a regional basis. . . . The Bureau of Roads reported that in the year ending June 30 more than 22,000 miles of highway were completed under Federal supervision. . . . The National Economy League declared that "the continued uncertainty as to fiscal policies," evidenced by the President's revised budget estimate, "is unquestionably one of the elements most responsible for the lack of business confidence." It assailed "repeated submission of over-optimistic figures, requiring repeated revision." The Interstate Commerce Commission authorized freight rate increases on a limited list of basic commodities. An additional \$47,500,000 a year to railroads was expected. . . . The special session of Congress will cost the taxpayers about \$1,500,000.

THE PRESIDENT. Mr. Roosevelt reiterated his hope to balance the budget for the next fiscal year, at the same time agreeing with Secretary Morgenthau's remark that nobody could tell how. . . . He warned Congressional leaders that the new Farm Bill must be kept within budget limits, that additional costs over and above those already planned must be met by new taxes. . . . Charles Michelson, Democratic National Committee publicity director, issued a statement announcing the President would not "shed many tears" if the Senators who opposed his court-packing scheme were defeated for reelection. . . . The President accepted an invitation to speak at the dedication of a monument to him

being built in Gainesville, Ga. . . . The President appointed his twenty-nine-year-old son and secretary, James, to be coordinator for the eighteen largest Government agencies, such as the Federal Reserve Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission. Heads of the various agencies will confer with James Roosevelt on their executive problems. If a conference with the President is then believed necessary, it may be arranged. . . . President Roosevelt approved "yardstick" rates for Bonneville Dam power which will be based on amortization of the Government's investment over a forty-year period plus 3½ per cent interest.

AT HOME. Secretary Hull assailed opponents of the Administration's reciprocal trade program, declared it did not injure farmers, that it was the only solid foundation for peace. . . . The Federal Reserve Board announced, effective November 1, a reduction from fifty-five per cent to forty per cent in stock-margin requirements on long transactions. It put a fifty-per-cent margin requirement on short sales. Brokers felt the forty-per-cent rule would counteract the thinness of the stock market. . . . Representatives of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. met in Washington to heal the breach between the two warring labor camps. The meeting was deadlocked when the C.I.O. rejected the A.F. of L. proposal that ten suspended and formerly Federation-chartered unions return to the A.F. of L. following which the Federation would discuss terms of peace with the other national C.I.O. unions. Both sides agreed, however, to another meeting on November 4.

CHINA-JAPAN. After keeping the Japanese war machine in the Shanghai area stalled for two months, Chinese weakened, retreated. Nipponese legions captured Tachang, Chenju, poured into Chapel. A thin line of Chinese last-ditch fighters fought stubbornly to protect the retreat of the main body. Japanese air men harried the retreating army, sprayed it with machine-gun slugs, thudding bombs, inflicted huge slaughter. Shortly after dawn, October 27, the flag of the Rising Sun was hoisted over the mass of smoking ruins that was Chapel. The Chinese ending their retreat, took up new positions on a straightened-out front, further away from the gun-punishment of the Japanese fleet. . . . American and British troops were ordered to fire on all airplanes attacking American or British sectors. . . . Japanese machine-gunned a party of Americans near Shanghai; Tokyo apologized. . . . Shanghai, once trade center of the Orient, lay silent, its streets empty, its buildings either shuttered and

sandbagged or lying in ruins. . . . In North China, three Japanese columns made advances in the Hopeh-Shansi fighting. The Japanese armies were within sixty-five miles of Taiyuan, capital of Shansi. . . . Following Japanese occupation of Kweisui, Suiyuan Province was declared independent of China, and Suiyuan, a part of Inner Mongolia, joined the Japanese-Manchukuoan group. . . . To the invitation of the Belgian Government to attend the Nine-power parley in Brussels, Japan answered in the negative.

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NON-INTERVENTION COMMITTEE. Russia, striving desperately to prevent any accord between Britain and Italy, attempted to obstruct the consultations of the Committee. Italy had withdrawn all objection to the British plan, but insisted that all nine members of the subcommittee must accept it. Russia's Maisky declared the Soviets would refuse even to consider granting belligerent rights to the Nationalists until the last volunteer had been withdrawn. . . . The Moscow press deplored the "plague of politeness" with which Britain was treating Italy. . . . Isolation of Russia appeared to be a possibility, as Britain, France, Italy and Germany agreed to grant belligerent rights upon "substantial progress" in the withdrawal of foreign combatants. Belief was expressed that Russia does not desire genuine non-intervention. . . . Both Italy and Germany insisted that volunteers to be withdrawn must include not only military but also "political" volunteers, meaning Soviet agents in the service of Valencia.

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SPAIN. The Nationalist press declared the recent trip of Luis Companys, President of Catalonia, to Valencia, was for the purpose of opposing the transfer of the Red Government from Valencia to Barcelona. . . . With the capture of Gijon, Franco forces controlled all northwestern Spain. Gijon, but little damaged, resumed its normal life. The same police force was on duty; throngs packed the business centers. A large portion of the triumphant Franco army was en route to other fronts. . . . A British tramp steamer with 1,300 cases of gold ingots and millions of dollars worth of money, jewels, securities left Gijon before its capture, arrived in France with orders to hand over the treasure to Valencia's representative in France. Some of the gold ingots were marked: "Bank of Santander." Banks of Santander, San Sebastian, Gijon claimed the cargo. . . . The Nationalist drive to enter a wedge between Catalonia and Valencia continued along the Aragon front. Nationalists reported victories east of San Pedro, another victory south of Saragossa at Puebla de Albarton. . . . Following the Asturian triumph, the Nationalist regime dominated seventy-two per cent of the Spanish population, sixty-six per cent of Spanish territory. . . . The successful Northern campaign put an end to the martyrdom of Oviedo, besieged by the Leftists since almost the beginning of the war. After its long ordeal, Oviedo was described as a "ghost" city.

RUSSIA. Seven citizens were condemned to death in the Volga Republic for "undermining" collective farms; five more as "destroyers" of cattle and grain at Sverdlovsk in the Urals. Eight persons were doomed to death as "Trotskyists" in the Russki district of Moscow Province. . . . Three local officials of the Margelan region of Uzbekistan heard the death sentence read to them. . . . Three grain spoilers were shot at Khabarovsk in Siberia. . . . Forty-five executions occurred in Irkutsk, following fifty-four in Ulan Uday. . . . Three officials were shot in a village in Western Siberia, ten others in the Province of Azov on the Black Sea, four in the Kharkov region of the Ukraine. . . . Popular meetings being held to nominate candidates were said to be all anxious to nominate Joseph Stalin.

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GERMANY AND DANZIG. The Nationalist Socialist organization in the "Free" City of Danzig seized absolute control. The Danzig Nazis form a part of the German Nazi party. The Catholic Center party, last independent German group in the "Free" City, was dissolved by the police, following a violent anti-Catholic campaign. *Anschluss* between Germany and Danzig appears to be complete. . . . Count Konrad von Preysing, Bishop of Berlin, appealed to Catholics to contribute to support of missionary work near labor camps. Priests are forbidden to work within the camps, must erect emergency chapels nearby. . . . Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, financial wizard, retired as Economics Minister, although nominally remaining head of the Reichsbank. Fearing an adverse foreign reaction at the loss of its greatest economic expert, Hitler's regime enveloped the retirement with great secrecy.

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FOOTNOTES. Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, founder of the Institute of Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, died in Chicago in 1917. Last week the Pope and nine Cardinals recognized her heroic virtues, the first step toward her beatification. . . . French Colonial forces were reinforced to guard against native rioting by Moroccan Nationalists. Soissons Cathedral, rebuilt from war ruins, was reopened. . . . Terrorism continued in Palestine. . . . Belgium's Premier Paul van Zeeland and his entire Cabinet resigned. They will defend themselves against alleged irregularities at the National Bank. . . . Prime Minister Joseph A. Lyon's coalition government retained its majority in the House of Representatives in the Australian voting. . . . President Paez of Ecuador resigned October 22. General Alberto Enriquez became the Supreme Chief of the country, at the request of the army. . . . President Cárdenas of Mexico overcame opposition to his land distribution in Sonora. . . . War on Communism was decreed by the Quebec Government. . . . The end of the capitulatory system, in existence in Egypt since the Middle Ages, was celebrated in Alexandria. Under the system, foreigners had exemptions from Egyptian courts. Gradually until October 14, 1949, the Egyptian courts will assume complete jurisdiction over all residents of Egypt.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHAM SOCKO AGAIN

EDITOR: For a grand "chortle" in your otherwise gloomily Spanish issue of October 23, accept the thanks of at least one of the 175 who marked themselves for "liquidation" when the Communist International triumphs in America.

Poor J. V. R. of Dubois, Ind., gets "mad" when you mention the "very saintly priest whose hours are given to a study of mystical writers" but who reads the comic strip, Moon Mullins, for instruction. Does J. V. R. not realize that the mystic can receive instruction anywhere? Does J. V. R. not realize that there are others of us, both in and outside the clergy who are not either saintly mystics on the one hand, or on the other irritated by comic strips, those nadirs of newspaper banality?

Aside from the sports page, the comics are about the only transparently honest part of American journalism. One reads the foreign news with suspicion. One views the home news with alarm. One flips the society page with impatience. The financial page is turned with trepidation. The religious page is laid down shamefacedly. The comic strip, page or section, alone is read with gusto. Why? This is the only section of the paper which offers no insult to the intelligence. Here one gets just what he expects—as J. V. R. so sapiently points out—vulgarity. But who is not, or never has been, at some time or other, vulgar?

The comics offer vicarious satisfaction for many senseless repressions which an artificial civilization inflicts on our latent youthfulness. Comic sections sublimate certain natural, and not necessarily sinful, psychological complexes which, unfortunately, a mitred abbe in the church by law established might never feel, and might be expected to disdain.

West Depere, Wis.

ANSELM M. KEEFE

EDITOR: This defense of the "very saintly old priest" is penned because I fear that since he is a very busy man he will not find the time to issue a joint apologetic on such an ordinary thing in his daily life as himself. J. V. R. expressed irritation (AMERICA, October 23) at the attitude of the "very saintly old priest" introduced to your readers some weeks previously who, defying all newsprint convention, reads the editorials of our dailies for amusement and Moon Mullins for instruction.

J. V. R. objects: "It's another case of us Christians talking on a basis set for us." This I flatly deny. It is rather a case of one of us Christians refusing to talk on a basis set for us.

Speaker after speaker, writer after writer has appeared in the columns of our dailies, warning us of the evils of Fascism; yet how many presses have been free enough to indicate the still greater menace of Communism? We are warned by visiting

foreign lecturers that the safety of the world depends upon an alliance of the four great democracies, Great Britain, France, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Yet how many of these same papers have even indicated the new use of the term *democracy*?

As for headline hoodwinking, has he not been horrified by stories of the brutal massacres at Badajoz by the Nationalists, only to learn later that these accounts were written under a date line two days in advance of the advance of the Insurgent troops by a writer who never was at the scene in his life? And of destruction of buildings by Nationalist planes which from later accounts would need to have the properties of termites?

Truly, J.V.R., this "very saintly old priest," earnestly seeks information but is too intelligent to suffer indoctrination of a questionable character. He has little time to waste and his recourse to Moon Mullins is in the nature of a refuge rather than a rendezvous.

Baltimore, Md.

ROBERT ROSS

THREE QUESTIONS

EDITOR: Congratulations are due AMERICA for the best diagnosis of two outstanding events of the last months, namely, the *Open Letter* signed by the 150 and the radio address of Justice Black.

Much verbiage and much good criticism has been poured over our daily papers and magazine articles on both questions, but AMERICA has singled out the essentials.

In regard to the 150, it is carrying the attack into the invaders' territory, where it belongs, when you ask the very pertinent question: "Are you the voice of loyal Protestant Americanism?" If so, then so much the worse for the voice. But whether so or not, the voice is quite clearly one of hate of all that has the stamp of Catholic and an abetment of Communism and atheism. Fancy ministers of the Gospel in the pulpit defending atheism! It is useless to argue with people of this type, for with their faces turned to the noon-day sun they will still cry: "Verily, we do not see!" I am reminded of the words: "These people honor Me with their lips but their hearts are far from Me." The Pharisees were also once disturbers of the peace and instigators of religious bigotry.

As regards the hooded knight of the Court, I fear the "damned spot" marked K.K.K. will never out. Paul Blakely, S.J., very adroitly points out the questions that the Justice dodged skilfully but none the less openly. He gave no answer to them, though at least fifty per cent of his 40,000,000 listeners on that eventful night were waiting with bated breath for that answer.

First Question: Why, Justice, did you join the

Klan, for you knew very well what the Klan stood for in 1922? Was it perhaps political capital you were inviting? If so, can you ever be a reliably honest and unbiased judge in momentous questions, if your leanings are so sharply warped?

Second Question: Why did you remain a member for four long years and only then resign? The Klan had not changed. And why did you say in your paper: "I don't ever *expect* to join again." But you may join again. Why did you not take five minutes of your time to repudiate the Klan? It would sound more honest.

Third Question: Why did you not speak openly in the Senate (you were never afraid before) and tell that honorable body to which you belonged: "Yes, I have been a Klansman. What of it? Where is the harm?"

Unfortunately, being a Supreme Court Judge, it is quite possible, and even probable, that the vote of Justice Black will be the one solitary vote that makes a law whereby we all are bound. "The pity of it, Iago!"

Philadelphia, Pa. PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

BOUQUET

EDITOR: Let me compliment you on one of your contributors, Maurice C. Fields, whose verse has given me a great deal of pleasure, and whom I would appreciate hearing from more frequently in the future.

His recent article, *Must an Artist Starve Himself to Fame?* (AMERICA, September 18), is most stimulating and provocative; the sort of discussion that does not end after one has finished reading. The question posed in it has kept recurring to me at the oddest times and aroused quite a debate among my friends.

Let us hear more from this versatile writer, especially in his lyrical, lucid poems, which are genuinely lovely.

New York, N. Y.

RICHARD YETTO

WE ALL HOPE SO

EDITOR: May I comment briefly on Father Ayd's letter in your issue of October 30? The 1918 decision to which he refers was one of those famous 5 to 4 judgments which have caused so much criticism. Mr. Justice Holmes wrote a strong dissenting opinion, in which Justices Brandeis, McKenna and Clarke joined.

Justice Holmes wrote: "It would not be argued today (i.e. 1918) that the power to regulate does not include the power to prohibit. I cannot doubt that the regulation may prohibit any part of such commerce that Congress sees fit to forbid." "It is not for this Court to pronounce when prohibition is necessary to regulation—to say that it is permissible as against strong drink but not as against the product of ruined lives."

The Court has more than once reversed decisions, as for example the Minimum Wage decision.

I am no prophet but I predict that the Court would uphold today the power of Congress to bar from inter-State commerce the products of child labor. As to the Constitutional issue involved, even in 1918, it was not, I submit, of transcendent clarity. I hope Congress has the power to curb States which permit their children to be sweated and exploited. I hope the Constitution means what Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis say it means.

Woodstock, Md. LAURENCE PATTERSON, S.J.

NOT UNKNOWN

EDITOR: In connection with the article on Ernest Hello (AMERICA, October 16) may I say that some of his essays have been translated into English and published in a small volume entitled *Life, Science and Art*.

The library of the University of Notre Dame possesses three copies of this work and it is not unknown to the students. In the *Religious Survey of the Undergraduates* 1935-36 it is named by a student as the one piece of literature that had had the most effect upon his life.

Notre Dame, Ind.

EARL F. LANGWELL

SPANISH RELIEF

EDITOR: Enclosed is a check for \$25 for the poor sufferers in Spain. I regret that this is not a larger amount, but I have just assisted twelve Spanish Carmelites to reach America after escaping the terror of the Reds. This makes about six hundred dollars that I have given to help Spain. My salary is \$2,200 a year. I mention this not because I feel that I have done anything wonderful, but I am amazed at the Faith of the Catholics in the United States. Spain has given everything for the Faith and yet Americans with that same priceless gift do not seem concerned.

Maybe if some of the Catholics would hear the sufferings of these Carmelite Sisters as they passed through Spain to escape on a warship, they might practise the charity of the Spaniards which is to give all, even their very lives. Best wishes for your wonderful work.

Johnstown, Pa.

AGNES B. NEARY

EDITOR: The enclosed is a small contribution toward the fund for the poor Spanish Catholics. This is sent by our little orphans to their less fortunate friends in Spain.

Wishing you blessings and success in your great work.

ST. LEO'S ITALIAN ORPHAN ASYLUM

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR: Enclosed please find check for \$17 for the America Spanish Relief Fund, mine and my parish's contribution. I wish it were more. With best wishes for your success.

Edgerton, Wis.

REV. JOSEPH W. BERG

LITERATURE AND ARTS

NAMES: A PERSONAL FANTASY

ALEXIS PAUL ARAPOFF

S, I was cutting with my jack-knife on trees. S, I was scribbling on the side of the page all covered with 2 and 2 make 4. S, I was marking on my hand with indelible pencil.

Sophia was the name that made me happy. My father was a doctor. Her father was a doctor, too. I overheard a scientific conversation: . . . "the cause of that might be kidneys."

"I don't think so," said my father. "It might be that her intestines. . . ."

What? Intestines and my Sophia. How could he have said that, my father whom I love so much. She hasn't any intestines!

She sang contralto at the piano like a big lady. She was much older than myself. I did not even dream of letting her know how much I liked her.

Oh, Sophia, how much do we grow in wisdom when we are no longer children!

Anna, Anna, how well that goes with the slight smell of perfume mixed with the frosted air!

My aunt Anna came to visit us. I don't understand why I am so abundantly happy to hide my face in the silky fur of her coat. Should I raise my head and see the black veil that covers her face but makes flare roses on her cheeks, already bright from the cold, or would I keep my eyes shut and feel how she brushes my hair with her hand in a tight glove. I am absorbed in life, life renewed, life of promise.

Tragic clouds, thunder-anger, and the fury of the light at once. Storm is here. No shelter. My aunt Anna is so sorry she took me for that long walk to the woods after mushrooms. Never mind now. Rain is soaking us, piercing through the skin, going through the heart.

Water! Water in the little basin to wash a child's face. Water from the faucet, all over myself. I am not afraid that the tidy hostess might be angry; and I splash. Water on the embroidered guest towels, bathroom walls and floor.

I learned to love water in that summer shower in my Aunt Anna's arms who is my christening mother, as they say in Russian. . . .

This time I shall swim from the diving board to

the cat-o'-nine-tails. I was just learning; and I was twelve years old. Quite a distance? Everything is possible on a day like this. The sea is warm and quiet.

When I came to the cat-o'-nine tails I was tired. It was really all that I could stand. I thought I would walk on the bottom from there to the beach; but I could not. There was a gully between the cat-o'-nine-tails and the coast. Losing all dignity and swimming style, I began to thrash and swallow water. When my head was out I saw some children on the beach with an old woman. It was so near that I said, in a speaking voice, "I'm drowning"; and went back under the water. When it was too much I began to take myself seriously.

"Help!"

I lost consciousness right after seeing in front of me an energetic face all covered with drops of water.

A husky youth put me on the sand. I stood up. Oh dear earth! How I love you! How infinitely beaming is the sun on those rocks and grass! How deep are those blue shadows in the leaves! How splendid is that firm line of trees against the sky!

Repulsion I did not have long for water. Soon I was swimming again (diligently avoiding the unreliable cat-o'-nine-tails).

Now, painting landscapes, I am so grateful to the Water because it taught me to really love Earth. . . .

Lounging in bed in the morning, I hear the noise of someone arriving. Suitcases are put on the floor. My father's voice is talking.

I hurry to get dressed so that he would not find me in bed. I run into my father's room—nobody. All over the house everything is quiet. No suitcases.

"Where is father? I heard him coming."

"In the country, of course."

I looked at the clock getting up, ashamed of my laziness. Soon we found out that this was the precise hour of his death.

Allow me, my Catholic Conscience, not to feel guilty of spiritism for I like to think that my father's last thought was of me.

During the Revolution, it was impossible to order a stone cross with an inscription.

"How about using this on a simple wooden cross?" said I, showing to my uncle a copper plate. My father's name was nicely engraved; but it said, also, "Office hours from 4 to 6." An invitation to the grave to find out about appendicitis? And we both laughed. . . .

I feel free to a joke on my father as I felt free to twist his moustache, sitting on his chest like a horseback rider while he was resting on the sofa.

There is a nearness between us that is apart from the love of father and child. We have the same name. Alexis Big and Alexis Small, we were called in the family.

A kind-hearted man with a great sense of humor was my father. A self-denying, energetic surgeon under the Red Cross, he went to the war with Japan and with Germany. The second time, being a professor at the University, he did not have to go. He went just to forget himself. He became sick, sick of his own imperfection, disease incurable by therapy. Shall it be called Russian Spleen since so many Russians perish from it?

But "spleen" is too mild a word for the dreadful turmoil that turns into physical pain. The constant yearning for real life and high achievement, but no means. Impotent loneliness that makes one doubt even already proven ability, that tempts to question the right to exist. . . .

Once I walked into father's study. He stood up and took me in his arms, hard, hard. It almost hurt . . . and I wish it really had hurt; I know it was hurting him bitterly.

Together we stood, he wouldn't let his arms go. Together we went in search for the remedy for that sickness. After his death there was no more Alexis Small and Alexis Big; but just one Alexis.

Paul has been added when I became a Catholic. Pray for me, Saint Paul the Apostle, so I shall never be an outcast from the Daily Host that saves from Russian Spleen. . . .

"Don't forget to put a clean shirt on. Tonight, Christ is risen." My mother says that, the same person that writes books—popularized theories of Darwin.

"We can use experiments in searching truth," says she, a leading woman doctor of her time.

Don't you think, dear mother, that the scientist, in some manner, is like we were, my sister and I, when disobedient and impatient, peeking through the door on you who so sweetly was putting silver stars on the Christmas tree?

And candles, and metal angels, cotton animals, gilded nuts, plush monkeys for me, and porcelain dolls for sister under branches on the floor with many other things. Beautiful gifts. . . .

When the door was opened and invited we were to go round and round the many candle-lighted Christmas trees, we had to make believe we did not see how it was done. We had to be pleasant and say "Ah."

But mother would say true religion can be only based on material evidence. Oh, that's fine! Almost

Catholic. Mystical realism of Bread, Blood and Water. . . .

And your name is Catherine, Christian name, number for paradise of the Risen Christ.

Ekaterina, Katia, Catherine, Cathy.

A sound like a rock rolling down the mountain, rolling, stumbling on trees and rocks. Here it goes from the precipice into the sea, right in! Long and peaceful journey it takes under water to the treasures unknown. . . .

Long and humble waiting. . . . Here it is, finally that desired tinkle of a key on a ring with a number . . . of an hotel room.

The key is carried with a pink handkerchief and a tiny compact, all an American girl needs to go out at night in Paris.

Now we are in the street. Store-windows are lighted. The houses seem to be open ajar, anxious to show the brightness of luxury. But the hair of my heroine is brighter, framed by the darkness of Paris autumn air that promises escape from the lie of cosmetics and heavy perfume.

Parisian pale roses worn by a Venetian girl, I mean an American girl who looks like a picture by a Venetian master of the Renaissance. Black eyebrows and blonde hair. Fur against luminous skin. Beauty of antique lines. Antique features indeed, and a real pagan-American readiness to have fun.

"I am a Protestant; but really I don't know against whom I am supposed to protest." And a charming smile lets the spectator judge which is more handsome, the row of teeth or the string of pearls around the neck.

Her name is Katia. A girl with such taste for clothes and cosmopolitan life feels that she is lacking of something unless she has her name pronounced in the Russian way. Something spiritual, that "charme Slave," whatever that is.

I was in love. I tried to make my love bigger and bigger so that it would convince her to marry me. Nothing came out of it. . . .

I met another Catherine. Also an American.

The first day I met her she was reading some book. I did not understand English at that time; but in the tremendous speed with which those words were pronounced, I felt a vitality of no end.

I didn't know then that the beautiful articulation comes from the habit of the Rosary.

That the sublime in her elegance, dressed in organdy, at the beach was the grace kept through the day from early Mass.

And that her face in the practice of making the Stations of the Cross had been made so sensitive. . . . I didn't know.

But Our Lord gave me, as foolish as I was, the wisdom to marry her.

Over the fount, tenderly bending, the Priest and the Godparents, God in the water, God in the name. Golden chain of the Sacrament.

Now for all eternity, my little daughter Catherine has a mirror of saintliness.

Deep in her heart she'll stay inseparable from the Saviour suffering for our sins.

Don't forget your purity. Don't forget your childhood. Don't forget your name.

BOOKS

A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM MOORE

THE MINSTREL BOY. A PORTRAIT OF TOM MOORE. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3.75

AS Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty walks down Sackville Street he does not meet the debonair ghost of Thomas Moore or he would never say in a recent London review that this is the best biography of a poet that he has read. Because it is not. The irritating fashion of contemporary writers to shower praise upon each other is quite prevalent among our separated brethren of Anglo-Irish persuasion. No doubt if they were pure Celts and Catholic, to boot, they would tear each other to pieces. For, as Tom Moore half felt there is something a bit vulgar about the Irish Catholic. The poor, dear naive Irish Catholic, who has "done much toward the ruin of Ireland," who clings to "this wretched faith" (the quotations are Moore's), and who takes to his peasant heart these songs that were born in the drawing-room!

Even the Catholic clergy, as observes Professor Stockley of University College, Cork, have lauded Moore, the theologian, who was attending Protestant worship while actually writing his so-called polemic, *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of Religion*. Mr. Strong, in his Sackville Street way, is satisfied with the state of Tom Moore's soul, but he suggests Professor Stockley to those who are not. We are ashamed of Tom Moore, Mr. Strong, but we prefer a true picture. For when Newman like another John the Baptist was calling from Oxford, Byron was asking—

What are you doing now . . .
Guitaring and strumming, now,
Thomas Moore?

Ah, how he could sing! In spite of our Irish Catholic grudge against L. A. G. Strong, we must admit that, although this book cannot compete with Stephen Gwynn's life of Moore in the *English Men of Letters* series, the chapters on the Irish Melodies and upon Moore as musician and poet are delightful reading. From the utterly charming *Phyllis, you little rosy rake* to the plangent sweep of *Has Sorrow thy young days shaded* and the exquisite poignancy of *Silent O Moyle*—on to such superb things as *Tara* and *Let Erin remember*, Moore is a pure poet. "The essential point about the Melodies," writes Mr. Strong, "is that Moore intended them to reach his audience through the mouth of a singer. Words and music are indivisible. . . . To judge them as poems is to put them to a test for which they were not meant."

Moore brought something to English poetry that had not been there before—the rhythms of the Gael which his sensitive ear caught from the old tunes wherein he prisoned his songs. Yet Stephen Gwynn is of the opinion that Moore is responsible for the advance of English lyric poetry. When he was studying the seventeenth century and experimenting in verse forms, his fellows were still in the shackles of the heroic couplet. Professor Trench of Moore's own Trinity College says that he wrote song for its own sweet sake and that his lyrics at their best are among the loveliest in the language. Shelley had great respect for Moore as an artist and so did Byron. Moore himself thought little of a public taste that could prefer him to Wordsworth.

In fact Thomas Moore was one of the humblest of men and one of the kindest. Perhaps this is what compels us to love him notwithstanding his backsliding in religion and in politics. That most unique of virtues—gratitude—became him like an aureole. When Jeffrey asked for collaboration in the editorship of the *Edinburgh*, Moore

refused upon hearing that the publishers intended to have him supplant Jeffrey. A man of sterling integrity in money matters (even though he did not know a pound from a penny!), of an impeccable morality, Moore achieved that perfect synthesis in family life—a felicitous blending of the duties of son, husband and brother.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Strong's book is not better. It is neither a work of scholarship nor a popular biography but falls ingloriously short of being either. The author, who is primarily a novelist, should have given us something like André Maurois's *Shelley*. Assuredly there is no dearth of material. Moore's journals alone, which he wrote with an eye on posterity, are almost as rich in anecdotes as the conversations of his friend Sydney Smith. He knew everyone in the Europe of his day. His name abounds in the letters, memoirs and lives of his immortal coterie. For verve and atmosphere Mr. Strong lags far behind Agnes Repplier in an enthralling essay written years ago for the *Atlantic* and called *When Lalla Rookh Was Young*. Yet we cry "Slainte!" to *The Minstrel Boy* because it will undoubtedly arouse interest in Irish letters and in poets who stemmed from *Melody Moore*—Mangan, A. E. or Pearse. He did, in his own words, free from silence the wild harp of his country and for all his shortcomings he is, in the words of his centenary poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Enchanter of Erin whose magic has bound us."

ALICE McLARNEY

THEY WERE TOO YOUNG TO REIGN

LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION. By Nesta H. Webster. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75

THE flickering light of a candle burns in a window of the royal Château de Versailles, proclaiming to the anxious watchers that the life of Louis XV is drawing to a close. Suddenly the candle dims and is extinguished. The King is dead. Long live Louis XVI! A nineteen-year-old boy and an eighteen-year-old girl fall on their knees with the tearful prayer: "O God, guide us, protect us, we are too young to reign!" It would be hard to conceive a more dramatic, yet truer, prelude to the tragic portrait that Mrs. Nesta H. Webster draws of Louis XVI and his lovely queen, Marie Antoinette.

The object of this careful study is not to give a biographical sketch of Marie Antoinette, for the greater part of the book is devoted to her. It is a character study of the Queen, with her virtues and her faults, in order to show her influence over her husband and his reign. Too often have her biographers, as the author clearly demonstrates, leaned too far on the side of libel or exaggerated praise, endowing her with greater stability of character, for good or bad, than she really possessed. On the contrary Marie Antoinette "passed through five successive phases so dissimilar as to make it difficult to recognize her as the same woman in each."

No phase of the Queen's life during this period from her accession to the throne down to the dawn of the Revolution is omitted. The secret correspondence of the Austrian Ambassador, Mercy, to the Empress Maria Theresa forms the background for much of the factual information. After all she was only a child of school-girl age when she ascended the throne, and though all her early training had been with a view to the queenship of France, she had not the qualities of mind and dominating personality to cope with the almost superhuman

task which the troublesome period before the great catastrophe demanded.

Nothing is glossed over; her interference in politics, her whimsical judgments of friend and foe that cost her dearly, her early loveless marriage, her frustrated longing for children which drew her into unseemly diversions and frivolities. Her love for finery and jewelry led to the scandal of the diamond necklace, which episode is here gone into with much detail, completely exculpating the hapless Queen, but unfortunately occasioning slander and criticism.

Particularly trying were her associations with her own family household. Her sisters-in-law treated her badly, and she had little love from the royal aunts who had not wanted her as dauphine in the first place. Thus cut off from family intimacies, she naturally sought her confidantes among the ladies at court, some of whom, as Madame de Polignac, she had brought there herself. Her misplaced confidence in this unfortunate woman laid the foundation for many of the libelous slurs cast upon her reputation and was responsible for much of the intrigue that eventually worked to the Queen's ruin. But the masterful defense of Marie Antoinette as a virtuous woman and a faithful wife makes the book a rare contribution to history. Every rumor, every aspersion is searched out, the value of the evidence is weighed and compared, till every breath of scandal for lack of proof must be considered spurious.

Louis XVI, despite his slanderers, was no simpleton, and neither was he an ignoramus. His facility with languages, his knowledge of history and aptitude for geography, his "excellent memory and grasp of things," his later devotion to books, is evident proof against his maligners. He was sometimes obstinate but never strong-willed, though at times he showed himself sufficiently firm when he was sure he was right. At times he was brusque and by nature awkward. He was indefatigable with his ministers in his attention to affairs of state, but his total lack of preparation for kingship was a serious handicap to the naturally timid boy, who bitterly complained that those entrusted with his training had taught him nothing.

But amid a world seething with revolutionary thought, with a state treasury depleted by the extravagances of his predecessor, with problems on the part of the nobility as well as from the peasantry, "was ever a king," writes the author, "called upon to undertake a task so vast and bewildering in its complications?" His ministers he chose, not always happily, with a view to the best interests of his subjects whom he loved passionately. Time and again the Monarch was seen at the very door of success only to find it shut in his face because of some impolitic move that was forced on him by Parlement or the disaffected society of the Palais Royal.

Anyone who wishes to know the real Marie Antoinette and her consort—and historians are included—cannot afford to overlook *Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette Before the Revolution*. The future study of their tragic end during the revolution, which the publishers have announced, will be a welcomed companion volume to the present admirable work.

KELLY BURKE

AN AMATEUR SPEAKS FOR HIS OWN

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC. By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper and Bros. \$1.50

REVIEWERS are directed to read a book through before appraising it. In this instance, I have read Mr. Johnson's book through five times, and will probably read it a couple more, just because it is good reading.

Absolutely, Mr. Johnson is right. If you have ever played—I mean tried to play—the great masters as an amateur you see them in three dimensions instead of two the rest of your life.

Never mind the pain you inflict upon yourself or upon others. A spot in my spine is still jumpy from recollecting a certain violin bow that was poked at it in my 'teens by a methodical Boston cousin when I failed to "come in" at the keyboard in the Brahms Trio in D-minor for violin, 'cello and piano. Girl punishing boy for musical delinquency: what revenge for feminine subjections! Mr. Johnson knows all that; and he knows too what glorious stuff the classics, the classical classics, are. So his book will appeal to all home-made ensemble players, in trios, quartettes, parlor orchestras, which, he says, are drawing together "remnants of the population to whom making music is infinitely more fun than listening to the radio."

This is not a book for professionals: not by a Krebhiel or a Hunecker. Mr. Johnson sings the "ruthless amateur," who unabashed, irresponsible, plays only for the sake of having a grand, good time. He will allow no inferiority complexes to interfere. Better to have tried Mozart's *Nachtmusik* and have failed, than to have played *Drink To Me Only* and have won. Even through that vain effort, says Johnson, a man "comes into position better to understand the effort of the man who tried to paint the Sistine Madonna and did." And miracles do occur if you practice perseveringly enough.

Beneath the light touch of a practised journalist lies a fine insight into the secrets of great music. His dry humor and Richard Q. Yardley's quirkful illustrations will start every reader with a spark of music in him looking for a fiddle or a flute and somebody to play it. It is an excellent gift book.

JOHN LAFARGE

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS. By Charles Gray Shaw. Hillman-Curl, Inc. \$2.50

DOCTOR SHAW is a fairly well-known philosopher who occasionally tries to strike the popular note somewhere between Will Durant and Dale Carnegie. At times he betrays the arrogance of the one and the insipidity of the other. In his anatomy of happiness he will irritate the scholar by his arbitrary and unscholarly treatment of Greek and English philosophy in particular, and he will keep the ordinary reader at some distance by the aridity of the style and the pompousness of his tone. In contrast to the highly successful *Wake Up and Live*, Dr. Shaw's *The Road to Happiness* is sometimes misleading, frequently obscure and, from the Christian point of view, worthless.

TRADITION AND MODERNISM IN POLITICS. By A. J. Penty. Sheed and Ward. \$1.75

ARTHUR J. PENTY, whom Chesterton regarded as one of the greatest thinkers of our age, was a tireless champion of the oppressed working class. This book of essays, selected from his contributions to the *American Review* and published posthumously, provides an admirable cross-current of Mr. Penty's political and social theories.

In a clearly reasoned exposition, the author shows that the unrestricted use of machinery and unbridled quest for wealth are the wellsprings of our present social unrest. If, then, all men are to enjoy a full and happy life, the machine must be regulated, the god of wealth deposed and proper emphasis given to things of the spirit. Communism, with its worship of the material to the utter neglect of the spiritual, is an extension rather than a correction of the basic evils of capitalism. And, while giving a measure of approval to Fascism, Mr. Penty holds that the ultimate solution can be had only by returning to the principles of the medieval guilds.

It is refreshing to find a non-Catholic echoing so faithfully the sentiments of *Quadragesimo Anno*. The blurb writer states only the truth when he calls this a "shrewd book of a kind that theorists do not often give us."

ART

ONE of the most terrifying and consequently one of the strongest impressions which I can remember receiving as a child came from a visit to the collection of Japanese armor at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The exquisite workmanship and incredible refinement of skill implied by the decoration of these suits of metal, which undoubtedly were the reason why my fond parents exposed me to such an ordeal, passed unnoticed. All I could see were those hideous masks designed to frighten the enemy. If the enemies of Japan in the days when this armor was used had minds anything similar to the mind of a child of six, certainly the armorers of Japan accomplished their purpose. For nights I would lie awake expecting some masked, under-sized apparition of a man made of leather and iron and cloth to peer in the transom window of my nursery with disastrous results, the nature of which was perhaps not clear in my mind.

The very fact that Japanese craftsmen had sufficient skill to make such a tremendous impression upon a child is further emphasized, and will be vivid to any adult who sees it, by that portion of the Howard Mansfield collection devoted to Japanese metal work now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. And it is perfectly safe to take children to see this part of Mr. Mansfield's collection! For the metal work here shown includes only swords and their furnishings, two helmets, and a number of iron objects relating to daily or religious life.

For over a half of century Mr. Mansfield has been a devoted collector of Japanese art. It would be unwise to say that his collection is the finest in the world, but his collection does give an admirable idea of the arts and crafts of Japan and is certainly one of the best rounded and most carefully selected in this country. Mr. Mansfield has given his entire collection to the Metropolitan Museum. During the summer that part of his collection which consists of pottery was shown to the public; the present showing of metal work will continue until November 14. Later the Museum will show the collections of prints and paintings. Any visitor to New York for the next six months who is interested in such matters should make it a point to look in the Recent Accessions Room of the Museum on the chance that some of the Mansfield collection will be there.

The present showing merely makes clear once more the extraordinary fashion in which Japanese artists and craftsmen treated iron as a precious metal, inlaying it with gold and silver and various alloys to give other tones of color. One has only to look at the sword guards in the collection to realize that such iron work in small scale has never been done by any other craftsmen, before or since. The economic basis of the art lay in the fact that prior to 1876 every Japanese gentleman—and there were approximately two million of them—wore two swords whenever he appeared in public. These swords naturally came to have a ceremonial significance, and their manufacture became an art of great importance.

When the open wearing of swords was prohibited to everyone except court officials and military officers, the art of making the swords and their fittings was given a tremendous blow and it has now come to be called a "lost" art. It is almost hopeless to attempt to describe the extraordinary beauty of these small iron objects. The only way to come to an appreciation of them is to see them. Simply because these objects are odd, most of us have heard—or seen specimens—of the extraordinary facsimiles of crayfish, insects, etc., made in wrought iron by Japanese iron workers. To see the swords and sword guards is to get an even more complete realization of the mastery that the Japanese acquired in handling intractable iron, and of the beauty which the older Japanese civilization felt was necessary in every aspect of life.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. Gilbert Miller's delightful new comedy from London, *French Without Tears*, should not be confused with the other English comedy on our stage, *George and Margaret*. The difference between them is the difference between a really gorgeous soap bubble and an English muffin.

The muffin, as I have suggested in my recent comments on *George and Margaret*, is a bit heavy and indigestible. The soap bubble is really charming. It is brilliant, it is made of clean ingredients, and while it is amazingly light it never floats off the stage.

One reason for this is that it is perfectly acted. Another is that the cast has been most carefully selected. These characters before us are not young actors and actresses. They are charming young men and girls of a type we all know, and they go through their parts very much as they would act in our American living rooms, if they were studying French there.

They are not, as a matter of fact, studying French anywhere. They are merely supposed to be studying it, in the south of France, in the home of a French teacher. Let me remark in passing that the work of Marcel Vallee in this role is among the best of the season.

His pupils include a future diplomat, a young naval officer, a couple of detached Englishmen, and Diana Lake. Diana is a huntress, and her prey is man. She is out for any man and every man she meets; but her interest in all men is evanescent. What she wants is an additional scalp for her collection. She invariably secures it. As soon as it is dangling at her belt Diana loses interest in that victim, and is off on a quest for another. She is merely a flirt who is establishing a new record in flirtation. Quite seriously she confesses her attitude to another girl in the cast. Charming men and making them fall in love with her is her one gift. It is her method of self-expression. She is interested in only one young man in the group, and this is because he eludes her. But he is hard pressed and takes to his heels in the end.

There is the whole plot, if it is a plot. The rest is conversational effervescence and gay lovemaking, which no one takes seriously, and youthful rivalry, and a great deal of amateur French, and much good comedy. The French is so elemental that it gives those in the audience who have only a smattering of the language an agreeable sense of superiority. They can understand it. They can even translate it for the friends with them, if the friends are altruistic enough to allow this. Incidentally they are having a beautiful time watching the soap bubble, and enjoying the Frenchman's frantic efforts to make his pupils introduce a few words of French into their incessant English chatter. In the end Diana gets exactly what is coming to her. The audience enjoys that. In fact, we all enjoyed everything, the night I was at Henry Miller's Theatre. The author's name is Terance Ratigan, and he is a credit to his gallant race.

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT. If New York finds the new Kauffman and Hart revue as exciting as Boston is finding it while I write these lines, there will be lively doings at the Alvin Theatre. Everyone is enthusiastic over the brilliance of the new musical satire and the work of George M. Cohan as the President of these United States. The trouble seems to be that, like the other gentlemen of tradition, Mr. Cohan thinks he mustn't be as funny as he can. He is afraid of some of the revue's scintillating wisecracks at the expense of his distinguished friends. But even his friends can stand a lot of these. They are good personal advertising. Also, the happy public is listening to the "wise-cracking" with yelps of delight. All seems to be over but the New York shouting.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN. Matriarchs, in the general run of literature, are rather sinister creatures, but in this rollicking farce the only repressive will in evidence is a legal document having to do with some millions of dollars. It is the gusty story of a wealthy woman who wanted her grandson to be a perfect man and almost succeeded in making him a perfect mummy. The events which frustrated her object provide director Michael Curtiz with a series of hilarious situations which he manages with broad comic effect. When the docile young man, who has served for his grandmother's experiment in character-building in fear of being disinherited, discovers the world beyond the garden wall in the person of an adventuresome girl, he takes flight and leads Grandma's minions a merry chase. The good woman has judgment enough, in the end, to recognize the superiority of nature in the matter of molding a human being. The acting of a large and excellent cast reaches a peak in May Robson's irascible grandmother, with Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert and Beverly Roberts not far behind. This is a delightful film calculated to amuse the entire family. (Warner)

HEIDI. This charming little story by Johanna Spyri comes to the screen as a tenderly sentimental vehicle for Miss Shirley Temple, who is not only growing up but adding consistently to her artistic stature. It would be a mistake to dismiss the film as something for the kiddies. The quaint atmosphere of the Swiss villages, the mountain backgrounds and picturesque costumes lend the faraway air necessary to make the action credible. After Heidi has won the love of her bitter, morose grandfather, a scheming aunt carries her off to be the playmate of a crippled girl. Heidi enlivens her surroundings and is recovered by her grandfather in time to prevent her being given to a tribe of gypsies. Plainly, this is not a picture for sophisticates, but its wholesome appeal will repay adult patronage. Little Miss Temple gives a genuine performance and Jean Hersholt proves that grandfathers, as well as grandmothers, can be rather unpleasant until they see the light. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

DOUBLE WEDDING. William Powell and Myrna Loy collaborate once again in a bright and sometimes brittle comedy about queer people. It is not overwhelmingly successful and once in a while one may hear the creak of machinery as an epigrammatic line is turned or a clever scene enacted; but the general effect is satisfactory enough for the average taste. Miss Loy is an efficient business woman who attempts to dictate to her younger sister even in matters of the heart. In protecting her against a Bohemian artist, in order that a more suitable match may be arranged the officious lady finds herself romantically attached to the erratic suitor and finally removes the menace by way of matrimony. Florence Rice and John Beal are the conventional young people. Powell and Miss Loy are amusing in their verbal duels but the proceedings, under Alan Dwan's hand, are frequently taut and too anxious to please. This is for adult audiences. (MGM)

ANGEL. Marlene Dietrich, after an enforced excursion into pure art, reverts to type in an unmoral and rather stupid triangle picture. When one has said that it has been adapted from the Hungarian, strung with reversed platitudes on life and love and acted with much grace, one has set it on the road to the box-office success it richly deserves among small-minded and provincial thrill-seekers. It has all the polish of a bald-headed row. The film is definitely objectionable. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

A NEW organization, named Current-History Stimulation Company, Inc., opened up in New York last month. Its primary aim is to furnish a service whereby society folks may keep *au courant* with world affairs. The founder of the new company, Count Kewpievitch, noticed while attending society functions serious lulls in the conversation, vast stretches of silence, would suddenly break out. He investigated, discovered most of the guests had what is known as a faint acquaintance with current affairs. Count Kewpievitch decided to put an end to all conversational lulls in modern society. He gathered around him a group of young enthusiasts, borrowed sufficient money from them to open up a magnificently equipped mansion just off Fifth Avenue and there set in motion his Current-History Stimulation Company, Inc. The new company experienced instantaneous success. Count Kewpievitch feels that in a few months lulls will be things of the past.

This reporter ventured to visit the Kewpievitch mansion and see at first hand the inner working of the system. Greeted at the door by four gayly-dressed footmen, I was ushered into Count Kewpievitch's private office. He was all charm and cordiality, insisted on personally showing me through the place. He revealed that his clientele is divided into three groups: one which knows nothing of current affairs, one which knows almost nothing, and one which knows amazingly little. He said constant stimulation was necessary, that the slightest cessation in stimulation resulted in all three groups tending toward a relapse into lulls. "It is astonishing," he said, "how much we have already accomplished." He called to one of his assistants. "George, what is the exact figure on the lull drop?"

"There have been eighty-seven fewer lulls last week than during the same week last year," George said.

"I think that's remarkable," Count Kewpievitch declared. "After all, one cannot expect to eradicate lulls with one fell sweep, can one?" I agreed that one couldn't.

"This," said the Count as we approached a room, "is the group which knows amazingly little." I noticed over the door a sign: A. L. Group. We entered and watched the proceedings. The room was filled with society folk. An instructor was questioning a stout woman.

"Come now, Mrs. Slim," the instructor said, "Don't give up so easily. I will repeat the question. Who drove over twelve million what?"

Mrs. Slim appeared to be guessing: "Pedestrians," she replied timidly.

"No, no! Come, Come!"

"Miles," still more timidly.

"No, no, no! Come, Come, Come!"

"Automobiles."

The instructor seemed depressed. He tore his hair. "Is there anyone who knows anything about current history here. You don't even know amazingly little," he roared. Stung, a man got up. "I do know amazingly little," he retorted. "I know the what of your question but not the who. The what is—nails." Loud applause.

"Right," said the instructor, "Fred Ahrens of Liberty, N. Y., drove over 12,000,000 nails."

Another question: "Who was up to his what in work?" was discussed. Finally, after stimulation, the solution appeared—Lester Thurstad of Canada worked in mud up to his neck.

Count Kewpievitch asked me to visit the group which knew nothing about current history, and the group which knew almost nothing. I excused myself, promised to visit his unique venture later. He called me up the next day, reported that Mrs. Slim had attended a social function, prevented a lull by having the whole company discuss the incident: who drove over 12,000,000 what.

THE PARADER